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Pieces



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Chapter 1 by Rachel

I can't love anyone anymore.

I stare at the shattered pieces of my heart, strewn all over the ground. I gathered them up and ran. When I looked back, he was standing there, one piece in his hand. He smiled and tucked it into his pocket.

This has never happened to me before.

I've heard stories about it, but I have never met someone who has had their heart broken, and especially not this broken. And because of that piece he stole, I might never be able to fix it.

The boy who took a piece was named Ronan. I had felt a twinge in my heart upon seeing him, and he claimed to have felt the same thing, so I thought we were Soulmates. I was confused for most of the relationship, for Soulmates were not supposed to be abusive and they definitely weren't supposed to ignore their Other or obsess over their whereabouts.

I thought that maybe it was this way for some people. Maybe Ronan was anxious about finally

finding his Other? But he wasn't. I wasn't his Other, and he wasn't mine. He was a Cheat, and he played me and many other women for fools. He stole my heart.

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Cheats don't have hearts.

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And, because I lost that vital piece, I would never find my Other. I would never become Soulmates with someone.

The worst part is that the person meant to be my Other would never find his. His heart will never glow. His stomach will never fill with butterflies. He will never be in love.

When I arrived at my house, I dropped the pieces on my bed. I tried to fit all of the pieces together, but without that piece it would never work. How was I going to face the people at school? They will be able to see the gaping hole in my chest, and they will laugh at me for being so stupid. Everyone thinks that Cheats are easily distinguished, and they will never forget my mistake.

I was trying to tape them together, but it made it much more painful. I could still feel my heart, and as I put on every new piece of tape, another piece would rip off, tearing at the skin. No matter how much tape I used, none of it would stay. I would never be able to fix this.

I put all of the pieces in a bag, stuffed the bag into the hole in my chest, and cried myself to sleep.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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